

***hands on chests:***

give me your hand

let it be cold, and dripping  
in sweat – let me see your eyes  
with the dislocating circles  
pooling beneath stained pearls;  
and let you be scared of me  
in exchanged glares with bursting  
blood vessels when i squeeze  
the vine painting you in darkness,

i don't break contracted appearances  
to whisper down your ear what  
you'll never experience — when  
unheard ringing becomes overbearing and  
the throat burns to screech, but  
weight presses as my nails claw  
into fragile flesh, and my teeth  
begin ripping through

scarlet streams as i forgot  
to take my shot of dopamine today:..

happiness comes from  
light dwindling from needles  
sticking out from your skin  
as surgeons slice vindictive  
lipids 'nd  
gnaw:..

i'd like to be in that room  
chewing the remains off calcium  
caretakers while you watch me  
hammering nails into eye-sockets –  
breathing the fumes to gift you  
pleasure as you touch  
glass panelled windows  
building in white condensation:-

the world is dark now,  
tied in leather straps watching  
blood staining sheets and  
tongues grazing hairs on  
your chest and eyes  
gazing into yours  
as if you were burning:..

i'll leave my hand  
on an active stove with  
water boiling over my edges;  
the food is done as the skin  
bubbles and splits, arteries  
cauterising to commit  
my use to death and dying  
as the muscle chokes my  
swallowing —

*we can't talk,  
at least,  
not now,*

when i've destroyed all i held dear and  
the moon shines over plastic bodies  
crafting shrines of remedies that  
may have cured a bronze farthing,

it won't help

when  
today became  
tomorrow and tomorrow  
is in a year  
to come back with a jock  
strapping broad-coloured shoulders  
'nd earrings wringing blood dripping  
from my canines,

a  
metallic taste fills salivation when  
my dislocation from humanity fades in-

i kept your eyes in a jar to keep on my bedside table.

i stare at them every night when  
i fail to sleep and crave another body  
to smell, to hold and taste while  
picturing you in his place and  
twisting bare-stoned bracelets  
as the silence of non-tension builds  
until i begin screaming  
at your  
gravestone:..

praying in a circus tent  
moulded by spider nests and  
staring at calloused hands  
to voiceless aer when  
salt begins leaking from  
the glass jar i  
bottled my love in —

my knees begin to hurt in  
the sheets newly washed from  
the blood of your knife in  
my string, cutting our tie  
when i bite the ghost  
knocking over the books  
on the shelf you built in our  
house,

when your soul falls  
without gravity and  
toe-nails become the largest  
part of the body borne 'f  
c-sectioned scalpel as  
a banshee wails for your  
grandmother's death —

and i lie in the sheets you bought; uncomfortably,  
in panic that you regret the tongue  
tied to my throat when  
we became Siamese 'fore  
pointing a loaded barrel  
to the crown deemed "sanity"  
with crashing waves demolishing  
the beach on where we

first kissed:..

it was a happy fate, in a sense  
both eyes becoming blind to a  
hooded world blasted with  
wooden amplifiers playing  
ugly music to  
keep love's  
brain off —

and

i think

humanity would be happier  
if there was a reason to stay alive/...